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AMERICA FOR AMERICANS.—We hold that all men are Americans who swear allegiance to the United States without a mental reservation in favor of the Pope.

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OMAHA, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, 1894.

A ROMAN MOB

Tries to Murder Bishop McNamara and Wife After the Lecture Last Tuesday Night.

KANSAS CITY IS DISGRACED.

Her Police Force Is Branded Before the Whole World as Inefficient.

Shots, Stones, Sticks, Profane and Obscene Epithets all hurled at an Ex-Priest.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., January 17.—The citizens of Kansas City have been wondering whether Bishop McNamara would be able to deliver his lectures in Turner hall as advertised, but today they have ceased surmising. The lectures have been delivered, but only after jeopardizing many lives.

The first lecture was delivered Sunday evening to a large audience, and no unpleasant feature occurred until about 9:35, when Rome sent one of her strongest arguments—a "brick-bat"—at the Bishop. It missed its mark, but struck the speaker's revolver, which was on the stage behind him, making a deep dent in the stock, thereby demonstrating completely that if the piece of brick had not gone a trifle to one side of his head, Bishop McNamara would never have known what hit him; as it was, he lived to finish the most stirring lecture, the most scathing arraignment of the Roman hierarchy, and the most interesting presentation of facts ever listened to in Kansas City. Immediately the whole house was in an uproar. Men and women arose in their seats as if preparing to leave; the police hurried to the gallery to find the miscreant, but after searching every man there, were compelled to give up and acknowledge they could find no more Roman arguments in the possession of anyone in the crowd. The audience became quiet, and the bishop proceeded with his discourse, keeping the undivided attention of every one of his hearers until 10:30 p. m., after the police had arrested and incarcerated an individual who persisted in interrupting the speaker.

The lecturer had no harsh words to utter against the members of the Roman Catholic church. He did think, however, that they were to be pitied for having to wear a yoke which intelligent men and women were throwing off every year—aye, every minute in the day.

Before closing his lecture he referred, in the highest terms of praise, to THE AMERICAN, calling attention to the fact that Rome ruled the daily press, and if they would receive the news regarding her it was necessary to patronize patriotic newspapers.

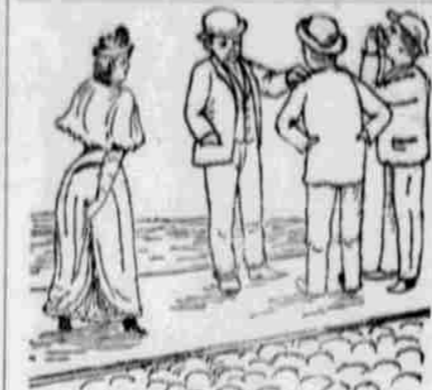
When the lecture was completed, Bishop McNamara and wife, in company with a number of friends—both ladies and gentlemen, who had waited to see them safely to their carriage—went down the front stairs to the street.

were all drunk—seemed determined to get to the lecturer and his wife, crying all the time, "Kill the son of a b—h; he's nothing but an imposter anyhow!" He fought like a very demon, pushing, striking and kicking at everything which blocked his way and kept him from getting his crime-itching hands upon his intended victim. After he had exhausted both his strength and his supply of vile, indecent and obscene epithets, the police managed to get hold of him, and at the same time the carriage was driven away at a rapid gait.

While the crowd which was endeavoring to get hold of Bishop McNamara was still standing, watching the fast disappearing carriage, and hurling the vilest epithets, the most obscene remarks and the most blasphemous curses after it, a lady, evidently

other one of the drunken outfit assaulted him, striking him two terrific blows landing him in the street squarely on his face.

The policemen again rushed in, and



IF I WERE ONLY A MAN.

the first man they grabbed was Mr. Weaver, the old gentleman who was not strong enough to stand up against

ever know. One thing we do know, and that is, we waited about the station for about a half an hour and they had not returned, and, growing tired, we left, going up Grand Ave. toward Twelfth street.

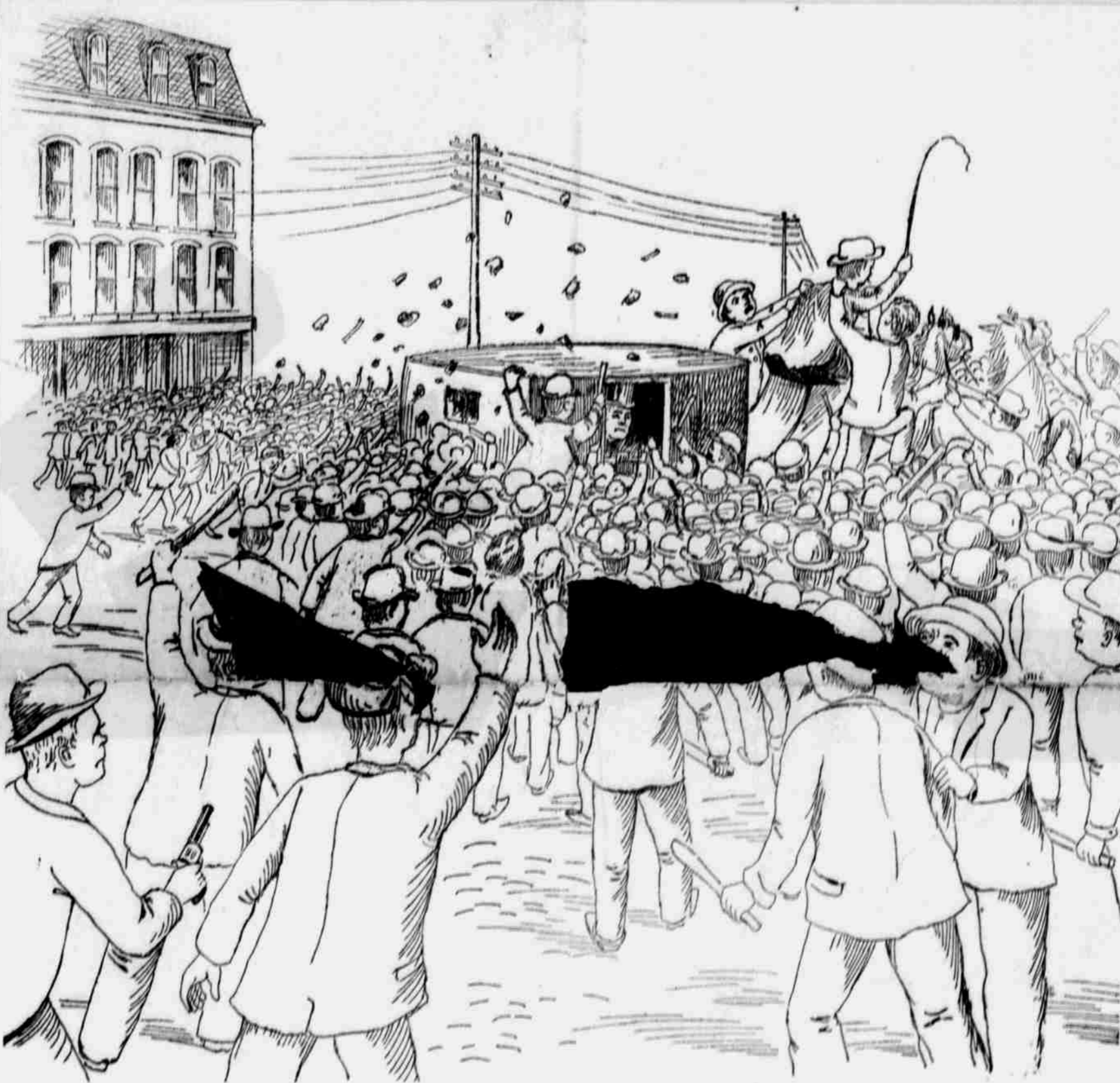
After we had walked about three or four blocks from the station whom should we see leisurely leaning against a lamp post, engaged in conversation with a third individual, but the papist policeman and Lahey? Would Weaver have received the same attention if he had not been fortunate enough to have had friends who accompanied him to the station and went on his bond?

And this is Bishop McNamara's introduction to Kansas City!

What will be the adieu? The following evening, nothing daunted, the bishop appeared to deliver his second lecture.



BISHOP J. V. McNAMARA.



SHOTS CUT HOLES IN THE CARRIAGE.

of culture and refinement, but who was overcome by a sense of mortification, lifted her skirts daintily as she passed the hoodlums, and in a voice audible to everyone in the immediate vicinity, remarked:

"Oh, you dirty Roman Catholics; if I were only a man I would turn in and

the drunken Romanist's argument—namely, his knock-down argument.

The officers then began to enquire who the other parties were, and several gentlemen said "there they are," and the peace guardians finally arrested one of those pointed out, Thomas Lahey, and took both him and Mr. Weaver to the Grand Avenue station, where they were charged with fighting.

This case of "fighting" is similar to an assault which occurred in Omaha in the fall of 1892 when a red-neck named Murphy assaulted John Westberg. Westberg had him arrested, proved he did not strike Murphy and the police judge, a rank Roman sympathizer who knew no more about the law on assaults than a hog does about latin, decided Murphy did not assault Westberg because the latter "did not strike back." At the next election Omaha put in a new police judge, and unless Kansas City wants her reputation ruined, she must emulate that example.

Mr. Weaver had not struck anyone, neither had he attempted to strike, yet he was arrested for fighting. When his bond was fixed out Mr. Smith of Smith's Steam Baking Co., promptly attached his name to the document, and Mr. Weaver appeared Monday for trial.

Mr. Lahey was not so fortunate. He did not know who would go his bond, so was given in charge of a big, burly Irish policeman. They left the station but how long they remained away no one but Lahey and the policeman will

Long before the hour for the lecture to begin people began flocking to the vicinity of Twelfth and Oak, and when McNamara stepped on the stage he was facing more than 1000 people. Outside even a larger crowd was waiting.

Waiting for what? Not to hear the lecture but to aid and

custom, but violence was not, at that time, attempted.

The lecture proceeded, the hooting continued, until nearly 9:30, when every one in the hall were startled by the noise of breaking glass and rebounding rocks, sticks and bricks.

Women sprang hastily to their feet,

Another shower of rocks, more cracking of window glass, and louder and more profane language and blasphemy, yet there was hardly a break in the sentences which rolled so easily and pleasantly from the lips of the ex-priest.

Until 10:30 p. m. he portrayed the evils of Romanism, of which they were then acquiring personal knowledge, and closed only when his subject had been carefully handled and rounded out.

Many times during his lecture he was interrupted by applause which quite often drowned the din on the side of the hall which a constant shower of missiles, fired from the hands of the Roman dupes, occasioned.

As he ceased speaking the crowd began slowly filing out of the hall.

As they appeared, the whelps on the street began anew to revile the bishop, applying to him the worst epithets the polluted mind of man has invented.

The ears of women, of young girls and of little children were shocked by the detestable language used, while the bishop and his wife were yet in the hall.

Soon they too appeared, Then badlam broke loose,

profanity as those Roman roughs belched forth.

They hooted,
They hissed,
They swore,
They yelled,

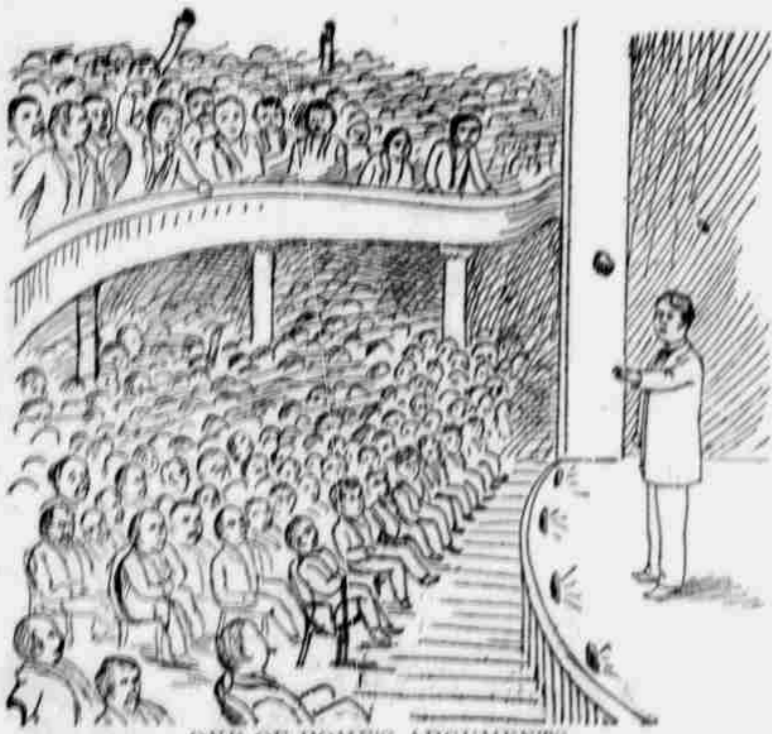
And vied with each other in their mad attempts to lay their murdering hands upon a man who had not said a word to them, and who had only exercised a right guaranteed to every American citizen—the right of free speech.

They pushed,
They pulled,
They struck,
And beat the air in their madness and their fury.

Men were knocked down,
Women ruthlessly pushed aside,
Children trampled on,

And teams frightened by the hideous noise and the stings of flying sticks and rocks.

And while all this was transpiring the bishop and Mrs. McNamara and Mr. Kelley were forcing their way to the carriage.



ONE OF ROME'S ARGUMENTS.

Hardly had the doors opened when the crowd of hoodlums, who were congregated in front of the hall, closed in upon them, and but for the timely assistance of the officers stationed at that point, would, no doubt, have assaulted both Bishop McNamara and his wife. One of the mob—and they

whip you all," and the emphasis she gave it convinced us she would have been as good as her word.

Her remark seemed to make the hoodlums more furious, and one of them turned and struck an inoffensive old man—a Protestant, of course—nearly telling him to the ground. Then an-



THE ESCAPE.

encourage a lot of drunken, lawless, murderous Roman Catholics in an assault on a peaceable citizen who was exercising a constitutional guarantee—the right of free speech.

Inside the hall everything was calm and quiet, outside everything was noise and turmoil. Within the bishop spoke in his usual eloquent and forceful manner, without Rome's minions shouted, hooted, cursed and swore as is their

men slipped their hands quietly into convenient pockets, and a look of determination overspread their faces, while they sat as if in readiness for a charge from a known but unseen enemy.

The lecturer paused a second, just long enough for the reverberations to die away, then took up his theme where the noise had broken it off, and proceeded as if nothing unusual was transpiring.

They said not a word,
They struck not a blow,
They made no hostile demonstrations,
Yet Rome's minions, her drunkards, her pimps, and her hoodlums were straining every nerve to get hold of them, and do them bodily harm.

It took less than ten minutes for the lecturer, his wife and friends to force a passage-way through the howling,

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